



THE RATTING BOYS OF PADDY'S LAND

You sons of granua listen a while
Till I sing the praise of Erin's Isle
Her soil is fertile rich and good
And supports her men with meat and spuds
And sons are gal and brave and strong
Can box and dance and sing a song,
With their shillelaghs where's the man
Like the rattling boys of Paddy's land

CHORUS—

So prize the boys a hand can lend,
To beat a foe or serve a friend,
For drinking whiskey where's the man,
Like the rattling boys of Paddy's land

At a fair or races they are the prize
With flowing bumper by their side,
Good humour'd to take a pint & a glass
And on his knee a pretty lass,
The pipes play's up a merry tune,
Him & his darling dance through the room
For an Irish jig where is the man,
Like the rattling boys of Paddy's land,

In eighteen hundred & fifty four,
Our Irish champions did sail ore,
With merry hearts the cross'd the sea
To shew the Russian bear fair play,
With bloody war & dreadful fight,
While crossing o'er the Alma height
They fought the Russian ten one
And gave three cheers for Paddy's land

At the battle of Balacklava too
With shot and shell they did subdue
Although our numbers were but small
Our Faughabags as they call'd them all
At the storming of the Malacoff
Your Irishmen did laugh & scoff,
And at the siege of the Redan,
There was none to equal Paddy's land

Their deeds should be recorded then
In Italy our brave Irishmen
Our holy Pope for to defend,
Tho' a few we were from Paddy's land
From Cork Limerick Wexford & Killare
Tipperary Kerry and sweet Clare
With Luo na to a hand did lead,
Our Holy Pontif to defend,

Now to Conclude and make an end
To these few lines that I have pen'd,
Success attend our Irish Boy's,
Thou Cannons roar the fear no noise
On Mount Saint Jean through fire & smoke
They victoriously the Eagle took
With saughabobles their cheers were grand,
Our rattling boys from Paddy's land